12.24.75

Dear Harold,

Christmas Eve greetings from solitary confinement where I'm about to go crazy.

I've been on hungar strike for 5 full days but broke down today and ate my plate of beans like the starved animal I've become.

Did you get the letter I sent you with the picture I drew of you on it? You never answered it that's what caused the lull in our communication I'm glad that you write to me now as mail means a lot to me back here in this roach infested hole.

It's hard to concentrate back here because Magnolia kicks these metal walls and screams bloody murder so much. She also throws me a cigarette three times a day so what the fuck.

Yeah! I guess you could say I'm really snowed in O.K and oh what a blizzard it is too.

I've been locked up 5 months now and probably won't get out of solitary for another six.

I wish I could be up there throwing snowballs at ya right now. I'll make it yet.

I got botshot again as a lawyer. He's not much of a lawyer but he's sweet and honest. He wants me to get a psychiatric probation where I'll have to do time in the funny farm. He thinks I'm crazy. Everybody thinks I'm crazy now.

Please keep writing me even though you might not always get an answer. Envelopes and paper are hard to get from solitary and they won't let anyone send us any. So write on.

Shalom

Dave

Diane T. Turner
4th Floor-Isolation
P.O. Box 24
Houston, Texas 77002

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